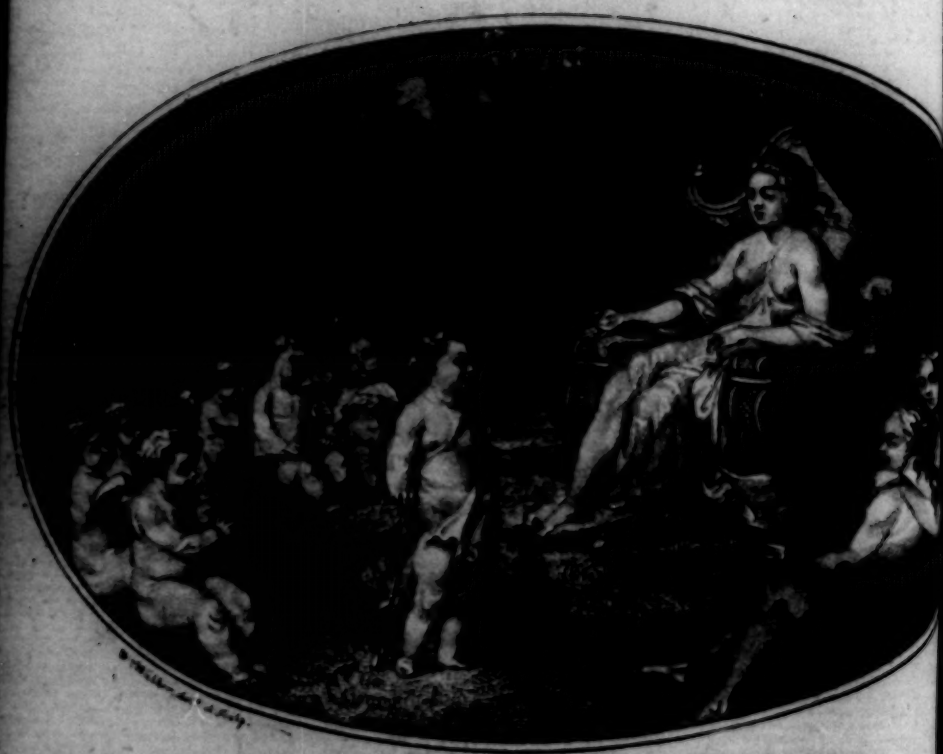


THE
MANNERS OF PAPHOS,
OR
TRIUMPH OF LOVE.







THE

3

MANNERS OF PAPHOS,

OR

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

BY J. CAULFEILD, Esq.

Late Cornet of the QUEEN'S Regiment of
Dragoon Guards.

D U B L I N :

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M.DCC.LXXVII.



EXTRACT of a LETTER, from
Dr. THOMAS BLACKLOCK of EDIN-
BURGH, to the AUTHOR.

—“**T**HE specimen, which you have
been kind enough to send me,
of the MANNERS of PAPHOS, I have care-
fully perused. The language is easy, ele-
gant, and expressive; the numbers harmo-
nious and flowing: The ornaments of Cu-
pid's banner are extremely proper, finely
imagined, and picturesquely designed: The
sketches, though short, are bold and natu-
ral: The whole is fitted to inspire the most

pleasing and refined sensations ; and, if all the Poem be like the opening of the Third Canto, it will either be ranked with the most celebrated pieces of our best poets, or I have lost all the taste and judgment which Nature gave me. It seems to be more in the manner of Prior, than of any other poet whom I can recollect ; but in my judgment, though in those pieces which he intended should be pure sprightliness, delicacy, ease, and harmony, were his characteristical beauties ; yet in these qualities you seem to have outdone him."

EXTRACT

EXTRACT *of another* LETTER, *from*
Dr. BLACKLOCK, to the AUTHOR.

—“ I RECEIVED the complete copy
of your poem sometime before I was
permitted by other unavoidable avocations
to read it. This, however, I have at length
been able to accomplish, and return you my
best acknowledgments for the pleasure which
it gave, and must continue to give me. The
same luxuriancy of invention ; the same pro-
priety and elegance of style ; the same pu-
rity and delicacy of sentiment ; the same
melliflucy and harmony of numbers ; seem
to characterise the whole.”

EXTRACT FROM LETTER, FROM

D. BLACKLOCK, TO THE AUTHOR.

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of your poem sometime before I was
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it gave, and now to give me. The
same luxuriance of invention; the same pro-
pity and elegance of style; the same pur-
ity and delicacy of sentiment; the same
melancholy and harmony of numbers; seem
to characterize the whole.

4 APR 64

INTRODUCTORY POEM



INTRODUCTORY POEM.





INTRODUCTORY POEM.

I.

“ **T**O nobler themes, my friend, aspire,
“ It is the Muse’s voice ;—

“ Then, boldly, throw away the lyre,

“ And prove your soul her choice :

“ See where th’ Aonian choir advance

“ And offer all their pow’rs ;

“ While, with a jealous eye askance,

“ Malignant Envy low’rs.

“ Come,

2 INTRODUCTORY POEM.

II.

“ Come, then, and join the titled throng,

“ Where Bards in splendour shine ;

“ In all the dignity of song,

“ A long—illustrious line !

“ Here Milton—great immortal name !

“ Here Pope and Dryden bloom ;

“ While Britain’s sons eclipse the fame

“ Of antient Greece, and Rome.

III.

“ Let such examples, then, incite,

“ Your sweetly-flowing lays,—

“ And mix the useful with delight,

“ Ambitious of true praise :

“ Nor let the Cyprian dame employ

“ Your spirit, time, and care—

“ But quit her, and her wanton boy—

“ And break th’ inglorious snare.

“ How

IV.

- “ How can you waste your pow’rs to please,
 “ By spreading false alarms ;
 “ Indulging a phantastic ease,
 “ To gild each nymph with charms ?
 “ Here Sylvia blooms—there Stella smiles—
 “ Then Chloe marks the line ;—
 “ And Fancy next for Harriot toils—
 “ Or Barb’ra the divine.

V.

- “ Fie—quit, my friend, the Cyprian shore—
 “ Each idle nymph disclaim—
 “ And let your genius be no more
 “ A slave to love, and them.”
 Thus Collin rav’d, the morn of May,
 When shepherds seek the grove ;
 To hear my long accustom’d lay
 Rejoice the realm of Love.

4 INTRODUCTORY POEM.

VI.

For Poet-Laureat am I seen,
And herald of those plains ;
The choice of the united green,
To sing of am'rous pains :
To paint fair Marian's rural charms,
And Phillis, young and bright,
Whose beauties bless our longing arms,
With rapture and delight.

VII.

Struck with the charms I celebrate,
To former bards unknown ;—
I joyful ope' the golden gate,
For choicest nymphs alone :
I see them pleas'd on Paphian shores,
Thro' fragrant bowers rove,
While each enraptur'd maid adores,
The awful power of Love.

To

INTRODUCTORY POEM. 5

VIII.

To me the grand imperial bark,
The willing god con signs ;
Nor can we fear the tempest dark,—
The god controuls the winds :—
And all along the crouded coast,
That fronts our happy isle ;
I ever choose the brightest toast,
The maids who sweetest smile.

IX.

High on the fore-mast as we sail,
Love's banner's I display ;—
The bleeding heart—the tender tale—
The soft—and plaintive lay !
The sighs that from the soul excite,
Compassion's fervent aid ;—
The thrilling murmurs that delight,
The half-expiring maid.

See

6 INTRODUCTORY POEM.

X.

See where a troop of young Desires,
Their purple wings expand ;
And strike to melting tunes their lyres,
While we approach the land :
For none can to this happy isle,
Within my bark repair,
But those who love, and freely smile,
And are as kind as fair.

XI.

Each rosy morn, at break of day—
For these I swell the reed ;—
To these my earliest homage pay—
For these with passion bleed !
Then Colin—vain is thy advice !—
For Love, alone, I breath ;—
And high—beyond ideal price,
Esteem my laureate wreath.

Let

XII.

Let MILTON, POPE, and DRYDEN soar ;—
 Unenvied shall they be ;
 Th' Arcadian strain I value more,
 As suiting best with me :
 For laughing Venus, at my birth,
 Disdain'd not to preside,—
 Appointing, while I liv'd on earth,—
 Her gentle son my guide.

XIII.

Thro' all the paths he nobly strays,
 I follow as he leads ;—
 And scorn to stop,—how steep the ways,
 Or dangerous, he treads :
 Then if a nymph has praise undue,—
 My Colin—still be kind !
 I seldom know, so well as you—
 The guide I follow—blind !

THE
MANNERS OF PAPHOS.

CANTO I.

THE
MANNERS OF PAPUAS

CANTO I

T H E
MANNERS OF PAPHOS, &c.

C A N T O I.

THE wiles of Love, the filken art
To please and captivate the heart—
To drive fierce Passion from a throne
She long usurp'd, and call'd her own—
To plant the Graces in her place
And aggrandize the human race—

5

While

While Discord flies the happy plain,
And laughing Peace and Plenty reign.

I sing—in pure and simple style,—

The language of the Cyprian Isle.

10

In this sweet spot, where I am seen
At once the laureat of the green,
And herald of our beauteous Queen,
No poniards, daggers, guns, and swords,
No lofty, pompous, idle words,
No quarrels, cares, domestic jars,
Plague, famine, pestilence, and wars,
High sounding epithets, and strife,
Disturb the pleasure of our life,
With malice, calumny, ill-will,
Who smile upon the wretch they kill—
But all is elegant and gay—
All innocence and harmless play.

15

20

Our

Our manners, ever gentle, prove,
We all obey the voice of Love— 25
And still that voice in tender gales
Of mildest zephyr most prevails,
While blushing Silence oft we call
The sweetest eloquence of all ;
For then our eyes express a meaning, 30
That language would be years explaining.

To this delightful spot I bring
Each chosen maiden whom I sing ;—
MARIA, graceful in her air ;—
The sprightly BELL; and HARRIOT fair; 35
Sweet BARBARA, my nut-brown maid ;
And ELLEN, in her charms array'd ;
The sensible and modest ANN ;—
Mild SUSAN, and good-natur'd JANE ;

ELIZA

ELIZA with her snowy breast ; 40
And MARG'RET, beauteous as the rest ;
All who are fair and kind to me,
It matters not of what degree—
For in equality they move,
Ennobled by the laws of Love, 45
And useless rank disturbs no more
The ladies who approach this shore,

Here birds of brightest plumage rove
From tree to tree in ev'ry grove ;—
Their flaming pinions some unfold, 50
And glitter in resplendent gold ;
Of richest colours all appear,
And ravish with their notes the ear ;
Familiar all, they all approach,
And fondly seem to court the touch ; 55
Their

Their variegated wings expand,
And perch spontaneous on the hand.
No cages ever dreading here—
No trap, and no delusive snare,
For Love ordains that all unite, 60
To furnish matter for delight,—
And true to his exacted plan,
No creature be afraid of man ;—
But where his empire he extends
The works of nature meet like friends ; 65
Thus, as we walk o'er hills and lawns,
The lyons couch, the tyger fawns ;—
We pat them,—and away they bound
As sportive as the friendly hound.

The firmest of his fix'd decrees 70
We often hear,—“ Be pleased, and please ;
“ Try

- “ Try every method to adorn
“ Your temper, noon, and night, and morn,
“ And in no other contest strive,
“ But who shall be the most alive.” 75

Here nature wears an aspect mild,
And Summer, her auspicious child,
With only Zephyr in her train,
Throughout the year delights to reign.
Here choicest flowers ever bloom,— 80
Here scatter wide their rich perfume ;—
Not EDEN’S self could lovelier show
Carnations in perpetual blow ;—
The violet in fragrant blue ;—
The sov’reign rose of various hue ;— 85
The damask, yellow, white, and red,
Enamel every verdant mead ;

With

With hyacinth and daffodil,
Ranunculus, and gay jonquil.
A soft luxurious bed composing 90
For happy lovers to repose in,
Whose taste is amply gratified,
And every want at once supply'd.

One rosy morn, when VENUS saw
The blest'd effect of CUPID'S law 95
Demonstrated throughout her isle,
Where pleasure, health, and freedom smile,
With humour, sense, and judgment found,
And wit that never gave a wound—
She summon'd all the laughing Loves 100
From caves, and woods, and rocks, and
groves—

From rivers, meadows, hills, and dales,
Meandering brooks, and flow'ry vales—

With

With CUPID, her illustrious son,
And all the Graces one by one— 105
And thus address'd the blooming throng
In sweetest melody of song :—

“ Ye've long perceiv'd, my charming
race,

The joy and rapture of this place,
The happiness our subjects share, 110
Devoid of each corroding care,
Who every day have something new,
More choice, than ever, to pursue ;
And all that they pursue, attain—
While newer objects still remain, 115
To gratify their admiration,
And bless their eager expectation.—
How comes it, that in every part,
Ye do not thus engage the heart ?

How

How comes it, tell me, that in vain 120

I wish an universal reign ;—

To see mankind on every shore

With equal pride my pow'r adore,

Heap gifts on my neglected shrine,

And hail me, as I am, divine ?— 125

Say—was it not for grateful Britain,

Where wou'd I have a throne to sit on ?

Does formal Spain acknowledge me ?

No more than France or Italy ?

The Dons confine their gaudy dames ;—130

The others—but I loath their flames—

Such vile and infamous desires,

Were never light at Paphian fires :—

In Germany, I'm seldom seen ;

And Dutchmen—Oh! I die with spleen!—135

In Greece, where once I was ador'd

While HELEN's charms unsheath'd the sword,

And

And heroes own'd my pow'r supreme,
They hardly know me now by name,
But sell their beauties for a bribe 140
To Mahomet's despotic tribe ;
Who, all the sweets of Love unknown,
Are sway'd by brutal Lust alone ;
Devoid of sentiment, they rove
Like savages, and call it Love ! 145
Say, whence is this ? springs the defect
From chance, design, or your neglect ?
My magazines of wanton wiles,
Ensneering looks, and roguish smiles ;
Insinuating, lambent fires, 150
Alluring hopes, and young desires,
Sly ogles, whispers, am'rous arts,
Bows, arrows, lances, quivers, darts,
Of dimples, squeezes, soft addresses,
Endearing words, and sweet excesses, 155

Impatient

Impatient wishes, false alarms,
Ideal worth, and fancied charms,
Respect, attention, stolen glances,
Desponding fears, and bold advances,
Will inexhaustible appear, 160
If millions we expend a year ;
And if we needed fresh supplies,
We have them from ALMIRIA'S eyes.*—
Step forth, then,—thou—my wayward son,—
And tell me, whence are we undone?" 165

The Goddess spoke, and from her breath,
Ten thousand antidotes to death,
In odorific breezes sprung,
The exhalation of her tongue ;—
And twice ten thousand young Desires, 170
Attendant struck their golden lyres,

Responsive

* Lady Almiria Carpenter.

Responsive to extatic lays,
In Beauty's, sovereign Beauty's praise;
The Goddess smiling, wav'd her hand,
And all was hush'd at her command. 175

Then CUPID, with peculiar grace,
Thus mildly answer'd in his place;—
Sweet were his accents (while I sing,
Believe me), bright his purple wing,
Where beaming gold, entwin'd together 180
With orient pearl, adorn'd each feather.

“ Dear Mother, justly you observe
How mankind from their Duty swerve,
While sordid interest, grimace,
And folly mark the human race: 185
But let the blame recur to those
Whose efforts all our views oppose;

To

To MARS,—whom loudly I declare
An enemy I'll never spare,
But still pursue him thro' the world, 190
'Till every lance I have be hurl'd ;—
And every arrow, every dart,
Shall fester in his brawny heart.
'Tis he, whose hot impetuous rage,
Nor pity cools, nor tears assuage ! 195
The hapless widow's mournful tale,
The orphan's cries, in vain assail
The unrelenting God of War,—
High mounted in his flaming car.
Regardless of the virgin's pray'rs, 200
Her lover from her heart he tears ;—
In vain is ev'ry fond complaint,
And sorrow's genuine language faint !
Deaf to entreaty,—blind to charms,—
In all the horrid clang of arms, 205

He drives him to a distant shore,
Perhaps to bless her sight no more,
And leaves the virgin to deplore !

Nor yet can matrimonial Love,
With due and awful rev'rence move 210
This haughty tyrant :—All must yield,
The instant that he takes the field.
You know ANDROMACHE was fair,
And gentle HECTOR, still your care ;
ANDROMACHE was fair in vain, 215
And HECTOR, well you know, was slain !
The matrons weep,—their cheeks grow pale,
When e'er they read the fatal tale ;
Their fancy paints their infant child,
The father sad, the mother wild,— 220
And MARS surveying them the while
Malignant, with a gloomy smile.

How

How shall I speak the devastation,
The dreadful havock in creation,
This leveller of art and beauty, 225
For ever makes by way of duty ?
He terms it glory, to throw down
The finest and the best built town ;
All human grandeur overturn,
To sack, demolish, ruin, burn ; 230
And sacred honour, not to deal in
Our best commodity—sweet Feeling !
What tho' in ev'ry heart I place
With choicest care some fav'rite Grace,
The savage Deity consumes 235
And blasts it long before it blooms,
And drives me to reserve my toil
For this my happy native soil ;
Where, by the fix'd decree of Jove,
No plant can thrive but mutual Love." 240

He ended ;—and each smiling God
Applauded with a lively nod.
The Graces wip'd his glowing face,
And held him in a strict embrace ;
The handkerchief they chanc'd to use, 245
They gave, a token, to my Muse ;—
The gift celestial, she convey'd
T' ALMIRIA, my beloved maid.
Hence all the fragrance she diffuses,
The sole perfume ALMIRIA uses. 250

The anxious queen was griev'd to hear,
A charge so solemn and severe,
Urg'd with such force and full conviction,
And all the elegance of diction.
Much she deplor'd her situation 255
Repenting of her rash citation.

Fain

Fain would she think her MARS had merit ;
As proper, fain defend his spirit ;
For much the martial God she lov'd,
And heard him with concern reprov'd : 260
But as th' assembly was conven'd,
It piqued her to appear chagrin'd ;
So when th' approving murmur ceas'd,
Her son, the Goddess thus address'd,
Revolving in her mind, a scheme 265
To please mankind, herself, and him.
“ My son, what you relate is true,—
But Jove himself is rul'd by you ;
And soon the rapid God of war
Shall march behind your gorgeous car, 270
In triumph led, a captive bound,
And all the world be Paphian ground :
For 'tis imperial Jove's decree,
That MARS, like him should bend to thee,
And

And soldiers be hereafter known· 275

The grand supporters of our throne."

Thus having said, she cried, "Repair
 My offspring to your usual care, }
 Inflame the youth, and melt the fair,
 And all your efforts let me find, 280
 Like mine—propitious to mankind.

THE
MANNERS OF PAPHOS,

CANTO II.

MANNERS OF PAPHOE



CANTON II

T H E
MANNERS OF PAPHOS, &c.

C A N T O II.

SHE spoke, and swift the laughing crew
To their respective duties flew.

Some little solitary Loves

Apart, dress up antique alcoves,

Where musing Melancholy reigns,

5

The friend of ill requited swains;

Who

Who with the pensive Goddess share,
Their fancied, or their real care.

Others more cheerful, fond of spirit,
And favourers of boasted merit, 10

The bold advancing youth attend,
Ten thousand strong, and each a friend.

Ten thousand more with these in league,
All patrons of the sly intrigue,

Adorn the fair with flatt'ring smiles, 15
Entangl'd in their wanton wiles.

'Tis they o'er chambermaids preside,
And all their quick devices guide,

Inspiring subtle shrewd pretences,
Sufficient to beguile the senses, 20

And gull the guardian's eye and ear.
To doubt ev'n what they say and hear.

While

While thrice twelve thousand more ap-
proach,

With rev'rence due, the nuptial couch ;

Almighty CUPID at their head, 25

By all the courteous Graces led :

All honourable Loves, selected

From millions of the most respected :

All innocent, and friends to Man,

Whose happiness they sweetly plan ; 30

Receive him from his mother's arms,

Nor quit him 'till he scorns their charms.

Hail, wedded Love ! O ! could I reach

Thine excellence with proper speech,

And paint thee, as thou art, sublime 35

Beyond the faint approach of rhyme ;

I'd

I'd thank thee, for the joys I feel,
While at thine altar thus I kneel,
Possess'd of all thou can'st bestow,
To bless the sons of Man below. 40
A wife, in temper mild, serene,
In person graceful, and in mien ;
Her face the index of her mind,
As one is fair, the other's kind ;
And in her cheerful smiles is seen, 45
The modest worth that dwells within.
I'd thank thee, for the sportive train,
Who grace me as I tread the plain ;—
The honest triumph of mine eye,
My rapture, and my heart-felt joy, 50
With all the father in his pride,
Why should I, vainly, seek to hide ?

When

When I survey the blooming throng,
Of laughing Cherubs move along,
Intent upon some infant toil, 55
Their mother, watching them the while ;—
Sooner my blood shall cease to flow,
With sympathy, my breast to glow,—
My heart at Misery's sad moan,
Forget its feelings, turn'd to stone, 60
And Pity be implor'd in vain,
Than I, my ecstasy restrain !
I'd thank thee, for thou did'st inspire
My bosom with an holy fire,
And arm'd my free and conscious soul, 65
To burst thro' forms, and scorn controul,
Disdain all shackles, haughty rules,
By tyrants forg'd, obey'd by fools ;
And,

And, manly, spurn each servile claim,

Tho' aided by a Father's Name* ;— 70

A sacred

* The Author wishes not to be misunderstood, as inculcating any sentiments derogatory to the just authority of the Parent. But he thinks, in former times, this authority was too often very impolitically exerted. Let any one who doubts this, reflect upon the manner the famous Duke of Sully regulated his family. The Duke and Duchess had each of them their arm-chair, and their sons and daughters, and even their sons-in-law, were obliged to be contented with stools. What could this affected state, this parade of formality produce? Reverence, awe, fear, —and all their concomitants; but each of them, of that kind, an offender experiences at the tribunal of his Judge. Surely this is not the proper way of treating those endearing charities, which are the
greatest

A sacred Name, but has an end,
And phoenix-like, revives in friend.

Thus

greatest pleasure of this life. Is this the method of rearing up our best friends, or of treating them afterwards? If it is, the Author has Five Sons,—and will never adopt that plan of education. But, with all due respect to this authority, it expires when the Son is of age. If this is wrong, the law of the land, and not the Author, is to be charged with it. But neither the Author, or the law of the land, can suppose such a monster of ingratitude can exist, as to forget those duties of love and tenderness we owe the Authors of our being under God. The many unspeakable obligations we are under to them, can only be repaid by the most animated exertions of the most feeling heart. But, then, we act upon the principles of the purest and most elevated friendship;
authority

Thus num'rous are the troops of Love,
While friends, or wayward foes, they
prove ;—

authority is out of the question by the law ;—and if it was not, is hardly worth pleading to that wretch who cannot be swayed by more tender motives. But what shall we say, if, after having been for seven years constant to an amiable woman, and receiving every affectionate proof of her fidelity, a man, at the age of six and twenty, cannot after repeated trials, gain his Father's consent ? Let them who love, and have most warmly loved, determine. The Author acknowledges, he took the benefit of the laws of his country ; authorised, also, he thinks, by reason and religion ;—and married the object of his love ; his father was reconciled at once—for he was a man of the most noble and manly sentiments—and applauded his choice when he became acquainted with her.

For

For, as their diff'rent fancy fways,
They rove ten thousand diff'rent ways ;
Yet Paphos is their chief resort, 75
Their birth-place, and their mother's court,
Her sparrows, chariot, doves, are here,
Her pleasure-boats, and all her ware.

Soon as the Goddess was alone,
She rose from th' imperial throne, 80
And sought her elegant alcove,
The work of each ingenious Love ;
And on a fragrant couch reclin'd,
Revolv'd the counsel of her mind :
Then hail'd a young uncurb'd Desire, 85
Her mother she, and MARS her sire,
Addressing thus the glowing dame,
And speaking, call'd her by her name.—

D

“ IMPE-

“IMPETUOSA, fav’rite child,
Howe’er irregular and wild ;— 90
If a fond mother anxious strove,
To give thee proofs of earliest Love,
And from thy birth, portentous hour !
Indulg’d thee with despotic pow’r,
Submitting all her acts to thee, 95
A slave to ev’ry new decree ;—
Let gratitude thy mind inspire,
And eager in the blaze of Fire,
Assume the figure of Delight,
The air, and manner of her flight ; 100
Extatic, am’rous, gay, and young,
With fond persuation on thy tongue ;
And all thy Father’s heart inflame,
With wishes of the softest name ;

Then

Then swiftly lead the glowing God, 105
All rapture to this bless'd abode."

She ended, and with fervent speed
Her offspring answer'd but by deed,
And elegant in loose attire,
A frail, accomplish'd, fierce Desire, 110
She soon as young Delight appears,
A virgin in the bloom of years :—
Infatuation in her air,
With flowing locks, and bosom bare,
Whose swelling orbs, at distance due, 115
Firm, yet elastic to the view,
In discontiguous order court,
The glowing hand to sweet disport,
And by their motion seem to vie
In invitation with her eye. 120

O let no maiden take offence !
The Muse depaints the Nymph of Sense,
Half naked, as she treads the green,
A light coquette, and scarce sixteen ;
All petulance, caprice, and whim, 125
And folly to the very brim ;
The progeny of MARS and VICE,—
Her occupation to entice,
Allure, inveigle, dupe, alarm,
With beauty's mere exterior charm ; 130
Unlike that modest, artless Fair,
Chaste VIRTUE's offspring, and her care ;
Whose beauties of superior kind,
Are center'd in an honest mind ;
With splendor there conspicuous shine, 135
Despise the grave, and are divine,
And

And genuine, rational, upright ;
Illustrious point to true delight.

Thus metamorphos'd, to elude
Detection, and with art intrude ; 140
She, quick as thought, attains the shore,
Where trumpets sound, and cannons roar ;
Where ensigns flutt'ring in the air,
Mark out the path of mad Despair ;
Here Horror stalks—here Fury boils, 145
And Havock breathes, and Carnage toils ;
The dying, and the dead they rear,
Promiscuous, in a mountain here ;—
While firm battalions close unite ;
Adverse in fierce and bloody fight ; 150
And there contesting squadrons vie,
Resolv'd to conquer or to die.—

—, ,

Disorder, Tumult, Ruin, meet,
To signalize each martial feat,
And make our infamy compleat ! 155 }

O fatal, foul, and vile disgrace,
To Pity, and the human race !
How can superior pow'rs survey
The malice of enliven'd clay ;
And not indignant, with the sod, 160
Once more a dull inactive clod !

Invisible to mortal fight,
The Nymph in semblance of Delight,
Surveys the scene ; and from a-far
Distinguish'd soon her Father's car. 165
Thro' thickest ranks, the God elate,
Impell'd his courfers wing'd with Fate,

And

And overwhelm'd with wild dismay,
Embattled troops in grand array.

BELLONA, savage maid, before 170

The chariot flew, distain'd with gore,

With horror plum'd, a dismal sight!

And consternation, and affright!—

While grim Death follow'd close behind,

Astride upon the boist'rous wind; 175

His maw, full gorg'd with monst'rous food,

And reeking with heroic blood,

As thus the bold imperious God,

Invincible in triumph rode,

O'er heaps of mangled heroes slain, 180

And drench'd with noble blood the plain;

The Nymph prepar'd her am'rous wiles,

Her glances, and delicious smiles,

And

And fondly clasp'd within her arms,
Address'd him in a blaze of charms : 185

“ O quit this shocking place, my Sire !
To PAPHOS, and her groves retire ;
Impatient pleasures there await,
Immortal to adorn thy state ;—
Impatient pleasures there expect, 190
Requital for thy long neglect ;
And with extatic views expand
Their beauties to thy happy hand.—
O haste, my Sire ! O haste away !—
'Tis VENUS chides thy cold delay !” 195

Thus saying, in an ardent kiss,
She breathes ungovernable bliss ;
With

With poignant wishes fills each part,
 At once, of his capacious heart ;
 And having thus inflam'd his veins, 200
 She snatches from his hand the reins,
 Encouraging each foaming horse,
 Rape, Rancour, Rapine, and Remorse, }
 To PAPHOS she directs their course ;
 And, as a rapid whirlwind, fleet, 205
 Dismounts him at her Mother's feet.

With all those blandishments, the Lover
 Will polish every action over,
 When in her presence he esteems ;
 How trivial, or how light it seems ; 210
 Attentive to her slightest motion,
 As only form'd for her devotion ;—

The

The greaceful Deity advances,
Respectful even in his glances;
Yet with a dignity and ease, 215
They must acquire who wish to please;
And tho' an happy Lover known,
Wou'd happy seem to her alone,
While kissing her extended hand,
Accompanied with action bland, 220
He cry'd—

“ O Empress of my Soul!
Form'd as I am for thy controul,
What madness could that soul inspire,
From thee, and rapture, to retire, 225
And in the bloody field pursue
False pleasure, when I had the true!

O pardon

O pardon the insane attempt,
And be that face from frowns exempt !—
That fair, that ever matchless face, 230
Disorder never must disgrace ;
But one continued cheering smile,
Illumine this enchanting isle.”

“ Enchanting isle,” the blushing dame
Retorted sweetly—“ canst thou name, 235
Or pleasure, or enchantment here,
The long abode of gloomy care ;
Delighting, as thou do’st, in wars,
Wild discord, and tumultuous jars ;
Unmindful of celestial joys, 240
Or estimating them as toys ?
But go—I wish not to upbraid—
Ingrateful, and pursue your trade !—

Let

Let all your ensigns be unfurl'd—
Distract, confound, and plague the
world, 245

And banish all my sons, a-far,
My CUPIDS, from thy bloody car,
Who loath thee as a savage guide,
And fly the spot where you preside !
Why should'st thou spare the blooming
race, 250

Regardless of their Mother's peace;—
Their foolish Mother, who in vain
Believ'd thee Guardian of her reign,
The Guarantee of ev'ry claim,
And grand Protector of her fame !" 255

This having said—with streaming eyes,
And many well-affected sighs,—

She

She careless seem'd to turn away,
As if regardless of his stay ;—
While he, all patience and submission, 260
Assail'd her with a vain petition,
And ev'ry sign of true contrition ;
When, lo ! the God of Love appears,
And asks the motive of her tears ?
Tremendous, with a golden bow, 265
And light'ning, glist'ning from his brow,
Nor came the youthful God alone,—
For millions more, on mischief prone,
All summon'd by their Mother's art,
Direct their vengeance at his heart ; 270
Surrounding him on ev'ry side,
An army in its gayest pride.

Thus

Thus flank'd, attack'd in front and rear,
He grimly shook his massive spear,
Collecting all his force to prove, 275
The impotent assault of Love ;
And singly to the world maintain,
The efficacy of disdain.

In proud defiance while he stood,
And ardent seem'd to pant for blood, 280
The chief, with purple wings, survey'd
His threat'ning gestures, undismay'd ;
(For VENUS, to the world's surprise,
That day, from Jove, obtain'd him eyes ;)
And pointing to the left, detach'd 285
A corps of warriors, all unmatch'd
In dignity and ev'ry grace,
That can adorn a godlike race ;—

With

With orders to break up the ground,
Plant engines, and at distance wound. 290

Quick, at his word alert, with speed,
They swiftly pass the verdant mead,
Their weapon's glitt'ring from a-far,

In all the glorious pomp of war ;
And soon the destin'd spot attain 295

Determin'd not to work in vain :

For batteries compleat they rear,

Of ev'ry beauty, grand or rare,

That Chance or Art collect, in haste,

MARIA'S eye, and FANNY'S waist ; 300

Fair HARRIOT'S leg—the winning smiles,

With which the gentle JANE beguiles ;

The lovely dimples STELLA boasts,

The Splendour of the brightest Toasts ;

Ev'n

Ev'n all sweet Modesty conceals, 305

Their industry unmask'd reveals.—

While fiercely, with incessant fire,

They wildly scatter loose Desire ;

And, briskly, ply in loud alarms,

The Hero, with ten thousand charms. 310

Yet boldly did the Hero wield,

And interpose his ample shield,

'Till one more daring than the rest,

Unveil'd ALMIRIA's radiant breast ;

And all her glowing charms enlarg'd, 315

The virgin at his heart discharg'd.

Swift as a comet rolls—the Fair,

Resplendent, cut the yielding air,

Emitting, as she flew, the rays

Of beauty in meridian blaze. 320

Thrice

Thrice forty paces back recoil'd
The Hero, by her lustre foil'd—
O'erpower'd by the sudden shock,
And prostrate, as beneath a rock.
In phalanx firm, th' embattl'd throng 325
Surround him—nor surround him long;
For Deities, with ease remove
All wounds, and even those of Love—
Immortal ev'ry scar repair,
Elastic, light, and free as air. 330

Foaming with rage, he upwards sprung,
All furious, by the insult stung—
And, anxious, labours to efface,
By glorious deeds, his late disgrace.

E

Now

Now thick the battle fiercely rag'd, 335
Against some millions one engag'd,
Who rashly put the grand alliance,
And all their efforts at defiance.
In vain, those efforts he repell'd,
Each Love, the other Love excell'd; 340
Each bravely play'd a noble part,
And lodg'd their weapons in his heart.
Fatigued by many a cruel wound,
Disputing, inch by inch, the ground;
At length he gave the contest o'er, 345
A captive on the Cyprian shore.

Exulting CUPID, in a song
Of triumph, thank'd the blooming throng;
Their courage and address display'd,
And by displaying best repay'd; 350
Stil'd

Stil'd each a gallant warlike brother,
Avengers of an injur'd Mother,
Whose empire, this their vanquish'd foe
Had long determin'd to o'erthrow ;
And wou'd have seen his arts succeed, 355
If they had been afraid to bleed.
Then turning to the God, he cry'd,
We've humbled, at the last, your pride,
And forc'd you, maugre your disdain,
To groan beneath our heavy chain. 360
But know—inglorious Deity !
That chain is heavy but to thee ;
And light becomes to all, the hour
They know themselves, and own our pow'r.

But, come my Friends, who nobly

bled, 365

And follow'd wheresoe'er I led—

First guard our captive to his doom,

Then all your daily tasks resume !

Our Mother and the Graces wait,

In splendid dignity of state, 370

With anxious ardour to improve

The glorious victory of Love.

THE
MANNERS OF PAPHOS.

CANTO III.

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T H E

MANNERS OF PAPHOS, &c.

C A N T O III.

THUS having spoke, he form'd the train,
With skill and judgment on the plain ;
An able, brave, experienc'd leader,
A gallant, and a gay parader.
Embroider'd banners some unfold,
With CUPID'S arms emboss'd in gold ;

5

The

The bleeding heart, the tender tale,
The weeping maid, and shepherd pale,
Here PHÆBUS for coy DAPHNE grieves,
Here crowns his head with laurel leaves; 10
Incestuous MYRRHA there appears
Dissolv'd in aromatic tears.
Here PROSERPINE, insulted maid,
In vain spreads out her hands for aid;
And ARETHUSA's there extend 15
Their feeble strength to save her friend.
Here mightier feats of potent Love,
Are blazon'd, while he laughs at JOVE;
And there the Thunderer is known,
But by his quaint disguise alone, 20
Except at SEMELE's request,
When he descends a godlike guest,
In all his majesty divine,
And in the tiffue seems to shine,

That

That tissue yet appears to blaze 25
Expressive of the Nymph's amaze,
Her beauties glowing in the fire,
A victim to a rash desire!
A Satyr' vile, with hair deform'd,
The fair ANTIOPE he charm'd; 30
Nor could the savage form affright,
Or spoil the am'rous Queen's delight;
For thro' depravity of taste
She lov'd him, such as she embrac'd.
AMPHITRYON-like he moves a man; 35
EUROPA's bull, and LEDA's swan;
In DANAE's lap a golden shower,
In all, a slave to CUPID's power,
Others again, in gaudy show,
With liveliest portraits richly glow, 40
Of those, who in great CUPID's praise,
Thro' ev'ry age have tun'd their lays,

Here

Here OVID, and his friend TIBULLUS,
PROPERTIUS and the sweet CATULLUS,
With MOSCHUS, BION, SAPPHO, breath 45
In living gold ;—and by a wreath
Of freshest roses newly blown,
Belov'd ANACREON is known,—
Bedewing sacred Beauty's shrine
With copious bowls of choicest wine. 50
Immortal POPE, at Love's command,
With ELOISA in his hand,
And WALLER, COWLEY, PRIOR, join
To dignify the modern line.
The modest GAY appears on foot, 55
Wrapt in his virtue and furtout ;
While TRIVIA, with a golden lyre,
Supports him at his own desire.

Conspicuous

Conspicuous, far above the rest,
 In liveliest colours gayly dress'd, 60
 SOAME JENYNS, with a graceful air,
 And art resistless, arms the Fair ;
 Love's empire o'er the world extends,
 The zealous Chief of CUPID's friends.
 Distinguish'd, therefore, in his fame, 65
 Distinguish'd honours gild his name ;
 On Love's imperial standard borne,
 Th' imperial standard to adorn—
 He seems with ardour to advance,
 The glowing leader of the dance. 70
 His partner, delicately fine,
 Was form'd all rivals to outshine,
 Illustrious in the pomp to reign,
 And skim o'er the unbending grain,
 The pride and glory of the plain ; 75 }
 Fair

Fair FIELDING *—sweet destructive maid,
 Camilla-like, in charms array'd,
 Camilla-like, we see thee move,
 And kill thy thousands—but by Love!
 Here BEATTY, fav'rite son of Truth, 80
 And AICKIN, in the bloom of youth,
 The peerless SAPPHO of our days,
 Attain the summit of all praise;
 A "minstrel" in his hand we see,
 In her's—the "youth who loves like me;" 85
 O may that youth the virgin find,
 With PHAON'S merit, but more kind!

But who is he the zephyrs move
 In playful guise, and blind as Love?—

* See the Art of Dancing by Soame Jenyns, Esq;
 —Doddsley's Collection.

Melodious BLACKLOCK well I know, 90

Distinguish'd by a silver bow.

The maidens, often, on the green,

For Love mistake him, by his mien ;

He also by his arms appears

As Love—unlike him but in years ;— 95

For greater innocence of mind,

Or manlier sense were never join'd.

Ill-fated Bard ! to BRITAIN'S shame,

The Sire of unrewarded GRAHAM.

A Patriot firm, whose grand design, 100

Exalted, generous, divine—

With fervour animates each son

Of Liberty, to join as one ;—

To spurn distinction—reconcile

Each jarring int'rest of our isle, 105

And bid fair Concord reassume

Her genuine and her native bloom ;

Inflame

Inflame each BRITON to disdain
What gives their common Mother pain,
And o'er our counsels still preside, 110
A friend, and ever-faithful guide.
Such is the son of such a Sire,
Whom Envy must herself admire,—
Like HOMER, lab'ring for his bread,
Like HOMER, priz'd too late when dead! 115
If e'er these lines assail the ear
Of rigid Luxury severe—
May they due tenderness impart,
To melt her hard and callous heart ;
That while his numbers sweetly please, 120
The Bard himself may live in ease,
And cultivate each gentle art,
That meliorates the human heart,
With leisure, which all poets love,
A gen'rous genius to improve ; 125
To

To bid it flow with genuine spirit,
And Fortune give full scope to Merit ;
A wayward jilt, who shou'd be kind,
Since Providence has struck him blind.
Thus shall he to each distant coast, 130
A grateful country loudly boast—
A monument of BRITAIN'S fame,
And not—avert it—of her shame !

But what is that, alas ! I view ?
A standard, dismal in its hue, 135
Of mournful black ! A ghastly head
Denotes it sacred to the dead !
In ev'ry corner, bones across
Proclaim to Love some bitter loss !
Ah ! wherefore flows the tender tear ? 140
'Tis OTWAY'S, hapless OTWAY'S, bier !

See

See where the CUPIDS seem to bend,
And hang o'er their departed friend,
To chafe his clay-cold limbs, restore
That genius which must shine no more ; 145
Rekindle the poetic fire,
Refit, and string his broken lyre ;
While VENUS with redoubled pain
Proclaims their gen'rous labour vain.
Where were ye—Patrons of the Muse, 150
When OTWAY died?—Could ye refuse
A portion of your useless wealth,
To keep the Bard ye lov'd, in health?
Say, wander'd ye in Windsor's shade,
With Contemplation, lonely maid, 155
In Kensington, or Hampton Court,
Where LANSDOWN, GAY, and POPE re-
fort ;—

Or

Or on Parnassus' top reclin'd,
Say, were ye feasting then the mind?
For sure, your manly souls despise 160
Inelegant and vulgar joys—
To mix at Arthur's with a crew
Unworthy of the matchless few;
Or at Newmarket condescend
To call a paltry jockey Friend. 165
A worthless set, whom not in vain
The Muses treat with calm disdain;
Or stamp with infamy their name,
Thro' all the wide extent of fame;
A reptile race—their happiest lot, 170
To die, forgetting, and forgot.
Ye gentle Patrons of the song,
Cou'd ye associate with a throng,
Whom Reason with a frown disclaims,
Yet drink of Helyconian streams? 175

Where'er ye were, that fatal day
 Grim Death, rapacious, seiz'd his prey ;
 His lab'ring agonies survey'd—
 Impatient of his pangs,—afraid
 Left Charity should lend her aid. 180
 A fruitless fear—for she was flown
 To regions, distant and unknown !

The dreadful tale, indignant Love,
 With poignant feelings interwove,
 To draw from ev'ry Virgin's eye 185
 The tear—and from her breast the sigh !
 The sable pageant still appears,
 Where'er the God a trophy rears—
 And in his triumph claims a place
 For his revenge, and our disgrace. 190
 BRITANNIA, blushing, turns aside—
 Disrob'd of all her wonted pride,

In sackcloth clad ; her graceful air,
 Her grandeur lost in just despair !
 The Loves survey her with surprise— 195
 The Graces with o'erflowing eyes,
 All pointing to a label—" Grant,
 No future Bard may die of want !"

The last, but not in Fame's degree,
 Mild SHENSTONE, let me mention
 thee, 200

For oh ! most sweetly dost thou move
 My passions, when thy song is Love !
 Ah—gentlest of the tuneful throng,
 The object of that plaintive song—
 Rejected by the melting fair,— 205
 Shall never be a shepherd's care.
 For her no torch of Love shall burn,
 Both sex's outcast, hate, and scorn—

No tender vows delight her ear—
Her solitude no husband cheer— 210
But PHILLIS shall unpitied live—
Unpitied die—unpitied grieve—
In solemn fable robes array'd,
A perverse girl—morose old maid—
And sad reflection on the past, 215
Embitter life, while life shall last;
A prey to misery and care,
To peevishness and fix'd despair,
Still haunt her to the hour of death,
Departing only with her breath ;— 220
No friend to close her drooping eye,
To shed a tear, or heave a sigh ;—
No children to attend her hearse,
Or bard adorn it with his verse ;
But o'er her grave the frightful owl 225
Shall scream, and odious spectres howl.

Struck with her fate, the Nymphs shall learn,
In future ages to discern ;—

To pay due homage to the reed,
And bend to poets when they bleed. 230

For what is beauty, if her date
Is poorly circumscrib'd by Fate?—

And what those charms which grace a maid,
If twenty winters see them fade ?

Alas, how trifling is the bloom, 235

That twenty winters thus consume !

And even shou'd a glow remain,
Some newer beauties break its chain,

In fresher tints, exulting, claim

Their equal share of destin'd fame, 240

Our homage and attention boast

In all the splendour of a Toast ;—

Then, to a newer, lovelier race,

Reluctant yield, in turn, their place,

And

And to oblivion soon resign 245
That Beauty vainly thought divine,
Unless some fav'rite Poet smit,
Immortalizes her by wit ;
And bids her in full zenith move
The object of eternal Love ! 250
Then learn to reverence our name,
Ye Beauties, if ye value fame—
For on our favour she depends,
The worst of foes, and best of friends ;
And those who scorn us, ever find, 255
That she has eyes, tho' Love is blind ;
While fierce resentment fires the heart,
'To take an injur'd brother's part,
And let all jilts, mild SHENSTONE see,
We can revenge,—as I do thee ! 260
Oh ! if these efforts of my Muse
The God disdains not to peruse,

And

And if her genuine strain delights,
Who scorns to borrow while she writes—
O may he grant that Muse to shine, 265
At humble distance—next to thine,
And both to endless ages roll,
Congenial, as each others soul !

Great CUPID having thus unfurl'd
His banners to th' admiring world, 270
Triumphant views them grace the air,
Of twice ten thousand Gods the care—
Who gayly moving, beat the ground,
To harmony, in martial sound.
In firm battalions some appear, 275
In squadrons others guard the rear ;
On either flank, the light hussar,
Prepares to skirmish as in war ;

And

And in the centre MARS is seen,
Alas ! how alter'd in his mien !— 280
How chang'd from him who lately drove
Whole squadrons, while he laugh'd at Love,
And styl'd his host a Pigmy race,
With taunts—that heighten his disgrace :—
For pale and squalid he appears, 285
Depress'd with care, and drown'd in tears ;
The wayward sport, derision, scoff,
Contempt, and joke, and wanton laugh ;
Of all the little Gods, who teaze,
Torment, and vex him as they please. 290
Some pull his beard in boyish play,
And tauntingly exclaim, “ Be gay !”
While others, in a mock caress,
Condemn them for their proud excess ;
Exhorting, with ironic sneer, 295
The mighty God to use his spear,

And

And vindicate his beard and nose,
From such presuming, puny foes ;
While he, unable to withstand
Their humour, or to check their hand, 300
In sullen silence, strives to hide
The anguish of his humbled pride.

Thus varying, to their whim, the sport,
They reach'd, in form, their Mother's court,
Where mounted on a gorgeous throne, 305
Imperial Beauty sweetly shone
Sublime with unaffected ease,
Yet conscious of the pow'r to please.
Then, when his troops were shewn their
places,
By blooming and attendant Graces, 310
Their leader, with obedience low,
Resign'd the captive of his bow,—

And

And seated near his Mother's hand,
Awaits her next supreme command.

With placid, mild, and modest eye, 315
Serene as summer's purpled sky,
When PHOEBUS in the west is seen
Descending to the distant main ;—
The Goddess view'd the vanquish'd chief,
(Who little knew she shar'd his grief, 320
Or that events did thus combine
In favour of her grand design),
Then, in a speech the Graces form'd,
Address'd him, and addressing, charm'd,

“ Irrascible and lawless God— 325
Why fought you this serene abode,
This peaceful mansion of the blest'd,
An uninvited, dreaded guest,

Inflam'd

Inflam'd with passions unrefin'd,
Unworthy of a god-like mind— 330
Which spring from lust, caprice, or whim,
Ignobly strangers to esteem?
Can Order with Confusion meet;
Or Infamy, fair Honour greet?
Can Concord, pleas'd, with Strife unite, 335
Or Darknes e'er exist with Light?
The innocent and playful lamb
Mistake the Wolf, and call her dam?
Stern War with harmless Love agree,
And Discord with sweet Harmony?— 340
Why fought you then this blest'd abode,
Irrascible, and lawless God?"

Struck with her manner, while she spoke,
His heart receiv'd the final stroke;

And

And melted in an happy hour, 345
A slave to sov'reign Beauty's pow'r.
Her voice was melody complete,—
Her gesture grand,—her accent sweet;—
Oh, who can sing it! while the whole
Was form'd to sooth, and win the soul! 350
Resistless it improv'd his mind,
And ev'ry sentiment refin'd,—
While mild, as May's approaching morn,
He answer'd——

“ Mighty Queen! Forlorn, 355
A captive, vanquish'd, I implore
That Mercy, which becomes this shore!
Impose your terms—whate'er they prove,
I'll prize them, as the terms of Love;
And henceforth quit the scenes of war, 360
A follower of CUPID's car.

No

No longer shall the Fair lament,
Or justify their discontent;
No longer weep their Lovers fled,
Their peace destroy'd, and pleasure dead; 365
No longer imprecate the stars,
To curse ambition, and the jars,
Which from that fatal source arise,
To dim the lustre of their eyes.
But chiefly in your favour'd Isle, 370
Fair BRITAIN, I'll renew the smile.—
Her sons who * now for glory roam
Throughout the globe, and scorn their home,
Their comforts, and enjoyments all,
And for their country gladly fall;— 375
That country, which they prize before
The virgins whom their souls adore—

* This Poem was wrote in 1763, at the Conclusion of the Peace.

With glory crown'd shall soon repair,
And in their laurels dress the Fair—
To ploughshares fabricate their arms, 380
And hear no more of my alarms—
Rewarded with domestic life,
And all the blessings of a wife.

Yet e'er this glorious change shall prove.
The arm, invincible, of Love— 385
Ye Gods, and mighty Queen, I trust
That powerful—ye 're also just !
And, though all roughness I appear,
Terrific, with a bloody spear,
To keep encroaching states in awe, 390
Who, swell'd by pride, contemn all law,
Yet, with submission, I pretend
The honour of your stedfast friend ;

And

And in my school, with choicest care,
 Watch o'er the guardians of the Fair, 395 }
 Their manners, and address prepare.

I take the diamond from the mine ;—

'Tis your's to polish and refine—

And yet, with pride, I boast again,

Ye polish, and refine in vain, 400

'Till I have stamp'd the martial air,

That only can bewitch the Fair ;

And make their glowing bosom feel

With keener edge your pointed steel.

Thus to demonstrate what I say, 405

All other ranks of men survey.

Pedantic, dull, and plodding fools,

However pompous in their schools—

The Lawyer in perpetual jar,

And obstinate, as at the bar— 410

The

The grave Physician, formal, big,
In all th' importance of a wig—
The Country Squire for ever rude,
A noisy, vile fox-hunting brood—
The Yeoman, lower in degree— 415
The *wherefore* is the mystery ;
For in their manners they appear
As like, as tare can be to tare.¹
The Merchant, (mercenary fiend) !
Who, bankrupt, never owns a friend ; 420
Whose estimation of all worth
Is, like his origin, from earth ;
At best thro' ev'ry distant sea
Importer of vile luxury,
Of innocence and manners plain, 425
And pure simplicity the bane ;—
A low, self-interested tribe,
And influenc'd by ev'ry bribe—

The mean mechanic, can he be—
 Or one of these—a friend to thee, 430
 Great CUPID!—whose ingenuous claim
 Is something of superior name?
 By instinct, let such insects move,
 While Soldiers shall be sway'd by Love!
 A gen'rous race, who greatly plan 435
 Each method to ennoble man;—
 To raise him to the highest view,
 And render him complete for You;
 That thro' the world it may be sung,
 By ev'ry Bard, in ev'ry tongue, 440
 NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE
 FAIR."

Thus speaking, with a gallant air,
 Submissive, chearful, debonair,

G

He

He rais'd his chains with soft address,
And kiss'd them as his happiness ; 445
Saluting with a reverence low,
The benches to the inmost row—
But chiefly the imperial throne,
And CUPID her victorious son.
A murmur of applause began, 450
Increas'd, and thro' th' assembly ran ;—
Then louder reach'd the neighb'ring shore,
Tumultuous, yet a joyful roar.
Spain heard it with extreme delight,
Reviving from a dreadful fright ; 455
And France receiv'd the joyful sound,
Half dead with many a British wound.
Victorious GEORGE was then pursuing
Those nations, and allies, to ruin ;
With conquest glittering on his sword, 460
While heroes trembled at his word ;

Thro'

Thro' lands, before unknown, and seas,

Adorn'd with never dying bays,—

His lions terrible to view,

Where Roman eagles never flew ;— 465

When, like the music of the spheres,

The sound, harmonious, struck his ears,

And stopt him in his full career ;—

His sympathetic bosom felt

The valiant are the first to melt, 470

And, that true glory prompts to spare ;

A smile suffus'd his manly face,

He sheath'd his sword—and all was peace.

T H E E N D.

10

OF TATHO

And now, my dear friend,
I have written to you
in a few lines, and I
hope you will find it
interesting. I have not
time to write more, but
I will write again soon.
I am, my dear friend,
your affectionate friend,
and hope you will find
this letter interesting.

4 AP 64
And I am, my dear friend,
your affectionate friend,
and hope you will find
this letter interesting.

WILLIAM D.

